This was your husband, look you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mil-dewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: haue you eies?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed
And batton on this *Moore*; ha, haue you eies?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the bloud is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extasie was neere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantitie of choice
To serue in such a difference. What Deuill wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eies, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell.
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eies into my soule,
And there I see such black and grieued spots
As will leaue there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nastie stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in my eares
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth.

5 Moore (Roman) 10 Els 12 nere 13 choise
15 cosund 32 an inseemed bed

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alasse he's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Ladie?

Ger. Alasse how i'st with you?
That you doe bend your eie on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, do not looke vpon me,
Lest with this pittious action you conuert
My sterne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for bloud.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No, nothing but our selues.

Ger. No more. 8 gards 16 fighting
23 Fourth 26 Start vp and stand 28 5
29 glares, 34 cullor 37 is I see